

ingly, that I marveled at the blind composure of my dea' uncle under it all. In fact, the Doctor regarded her with something of the same affection he gave to Lillian; and the passion he ever had felt for women, wife or wife slumbered in the grave of her he had lost.

Still, Arthur Miller did not despair; that I could guess from her deportment. I was glad when she took to chemistry, for it removed her Argus-eyed surveillance from me, hours at a time, when I could be happy in my arm-chair or on my lounge, looking at Lillian, listening to her singing, watching her fingers busy with the needle and her embroideries.

I had begun the study of medicine. My uncle advised it, as I was unfitted for active employment; and I would have been rash and ungrateful to throw away the opportunity to read under such an instructor. I did not like it; on the contrary I had no taste for it; but I had no other way of proving my desire to please him, and my resolution to become indus- tries.

Thus affairs drifted slowly on, until the world at large, and the idlers of Hampton township and village began to discuss the marvelous discoveries of gold in California. From the very first rumors which floated about, until his final decision was made, my uncle showed more interest in this subject than he had in anything since his wife's death. All the romance of his nature took fire, as he read and mused over the accounts from that wonderful country. Being a geologist as well as a chemist, he felt a keen desire to examine for himself, by the light of his own lantern, the development of the new El Dorado. He wanted to be free from the mortifications which hampered him, to shake off debts, dues, and depressing memories, to plunge into a new life—and, to make money. He would have this longed-for adventure, and at the same time, he would lift the shadow from Meredith Place and set it once more to glowing in the full sunshine of prosperity!

Thus he felt and thus decided. Miss Miller opposed him with dismay. But, when she satisfied her that he had no power to keep her, she yielded, only winning this concession—that on no account, should he be absent more than two years. In the meantime, she would promise to remain that length of time, keeping charge of the house, and continuing the studies of her young pupil.

As for me, I was to continue to abide in the house, affording it the protection (!) of my newly-sprouting beard, and making use of the splendid library of the Doctor to perfect myself, as far as mere reading could enlighten me, in a knowledge of my future profession.

A third mortgage was placed on Meredith Place, giving my uncle the means to provide for our subsistence during his absence, and to pay his passage on one of the vessels which, as spring came on, began to turn their prows toward the land of gold.

Dr. Meredith was thus among the earliest adventurers, and soon becoming known as a man of science, his knowledge and services were quickly brought into requisition. His letters were of absorbing interest, though not very frequent. The wild, the mad, the strange, peculiar and astonishing aspects of the new life were pictured to us with a vivid pen. The gambling hells, the street murders, the incredible prices of the necessities of life, the hardships of miners, the destructive fires, the "fever" for gold, with the varying aspects of the disease, the sudden growth of the canvas city, all the novel, and weird, and wonderful, and hideous, and shadowed shadows of the picture were touched for us, and we hung over his letters as over some thrilling romance. Before many months he began to announce that he was coming money almost as fast as he could desire. With a forethought for which he had his reward, he had expended a portion of his restricted fund obtained by the mortgage, every dollar which could be spared, in the purchase of *quinine*. His supply of the much-needed and fabulously-dear drug, united with his skill as a physician, and the constant demand upon his services, for which enormous fees were paid, soon placed him on the high road to wealth.

Miss Miller felt that she was about to reap the reward of long and patient waiting. I could read it in the flushed cheek and sparkling eye.

At the end of the first year came a remittance, with directions to pay up the arrears of her salary, with various small debts made in the village, leaving a surplus which enabled us to indulge in a few luxuries.

Lillian declared she would have a new silk dress made *full length* like Miss Miller's, and a bonnet like other young ladies—no more hats for her! Her governess laughed and consented.

Indeed she took great pains with Lillian's summer toilet, causing a variety of pretty dresses and caps to be made up, and gloves, scarfs and all the little ornaments of young ladyhood to be provided.

I enjoyed the sight of my beautiful cousin in these becoming toilettes. For the first time in my life I was really happy. Our life was most peaceful. I had the consciousness of duty performed, for I was a close student, and was rewarded for my perseverance by becoming deeply interested in and fond of my medical studies. I was regaining the use of my arm; my health was improving, and with that, my looks also, as my mirror told me. I loved Lillian quietly, with intense but calm feeling; she was pleasant and friendly with me; and Miss Miller let me alone.

Yes! I was happy, for a little, fitting time.

In the middle of the summer Miss Miller began to talk about her brother Arthur. He had been overworking himself, through this hot weather, studying law in a New York city office.

She had advised him to come to the country for a two months' vacation. She had seen so little of him of late years—and he was her pet; her favorite; the youngest of the family—she felt as if she must have him near her. If she could find a boarding-place not too far away, where Arthur could be comfortable—

The housekeeper of Meredith Place put on quite a masterpiece of tact, and advised her dear governess that she should not listen to such a proposition—Miss Miller's friends and relatives had the freedom of Meredith Place. How should we all feel with her brother boarding at a strange house?

Miss Miller kissed the sweet face held up with such animation, and as she finished her embrace I met her eyes darting at me a peculiar, searching glance. I blushed, for I knew that my impulses are not to be relied upon; that I am not well-governed; that I was madly jealous of him—and yet, withal, I am certain that I had true grounds for my dislike. Jealousy sharpened my glance, but, in this instance, did not disorder it.

It was two or three years older than myself—young enough, but, at that age, giving him immense superiority in the eyes of young ladies—a superiority of which I was keenly sensible. He was very handsome, as far as features, form, and complexion could make him so. To me he was never tolerable looking, because I hated the smooth smile, the red lips formed for treacherous words, and the bold, bright eyes, so like his sister's. He dressed elaborately, was graceful, self-possessed, and his silken mustache was "sweet to see," I suppose; I could not appreciate him. My clothes were shabby and old-fashioned, and I had even outgrown them. I was not graceful, and had little self-possession under such disadvantages. Still, I did not understand him.

I was handsome, too—or would be in a year or two. My face was an honest one, and his was not.

I saw that he was pleased with Lillian's ex-

quisite beauty; I knew he had resolved, before he had been under the roof of Meredith Place on my return, that he would do his part in furtherance of his sister's desires and designs—whatever these might be.

All was plain enough to me. Dr. Meredith was coming home, rich. Miss Miller, not satisfied with the expectation of becoming the sharer of his fortune, was eager for her favorite brother to "feather his nest" also. It would be pleasant for her to bring about a marriage between him and Lillian. They could all live under one roof, enjoy together the fruits of their labors,—while I—was it reasonable to suppose that Meredith Place would be a happy home for me, when these changes had transpired?

Already I was a wanderer in imagination. Arthur Miller had been raised a week before Lillian neglected me for him. It was natural she should do so. He had the charm of newness, and a thousand other charms. He was gay and attractive, making the acquaintance of dozens where I would not have found time or way for one. The village young people began to find out what a charming haunt the old brown villa was. We were invited to picnics and evening parties made for Arthur Miller and Lillian Meredith. The pretty toilettes did good service. We gave entertainments in return. Lillian was intoxicated by this first sparkling draught of social enjoyment. She was very secluded, and this gentry had the power of novelty, and there she was so lovely and so sweet in her manners that she was flattered and petted almost beyond bearing with equanimity.

I went to all the merry-makings because my cousin insisted, and because my jealousy would not allow me to stay away. It was misery to see them together; yet I could not remain at home, poring over my books, and imagining two so joyous in each other's society. My constant wish was for the two months to elapse, when Miller would return to the city.

His vacation passed, and more. Then Miss Miller announced that Arthur was so delighted with the country, his health so much better now, and it was so much easier for a young man to obtain a start in his profession in a village than in a city, he had resolved to open an office in Hampton, and remain at least for the winter.

I saw Lillian smile and blush at this intelligence. The programme was carried out, the office secured; and Arthur, although no longer a guest, became almost a daily visitor at the old mansion. I felt that Miss Miller had acted dishonorably in thus throwing her brother upon Lillian's attention, during the absence of her father. If she really believed Arthur a suitable and acceptable companion for her pupil, she would at least have waited for the sanction of her father's presence. It was hardly fulfilling her duties, as she had promised and assured, to permit and encourage such an intimacy during Doctor Meredith's absence.

Lillian yet was only touching upon womanhood—sixteen that summer—and to inveigle her into an attachment, perhaps an engagement, appeared to me, under the circumstances, the basest of treachery. If I had liked the young gentleman and approved of him, I should have felt the same. As it was, I hardly knew what course to pursue.

Putting all else aside, my own desires or hopes, I could not reconcile myself to seeing my cousin in the nets of these two spiders. It could not do to write and say as much to Doctor Meredith, since he had no confidence in Miss Miller than he had in me.

After much hesitation, I wrote, early in the winter, begging him to come home as soon as convenient, but giving no special reason, except that Lillian had become a young lady, and Meredith Place needed a master to keep admires in awe.

His intention was to return in the spring, and this letter could not much shorten his term of absence.

CHAPTER V. IN LIGHT.

It was May when Dr. Meredith reached Meredith Place. My letter had found him involved in business which he could not immediately desert. Probably he attached no great importance to its injunctions.

A telegram from New York informed us of his arrival and gave the ladies of the household opportunity to order a festal dinner, and to adorn themselves, as ladies will on such occasions, to give welcome to the long-absent master.

As I sat on the porch which commanded a view of the road, I could see the old coach rolling along, the blossom-sprinkled way, pink with the apple and peach-blossoms. Miss Miller also stepped out for an observation. For a moment she was unaware of my presence and I had full opportunity to read her face, which wore an eager, passionate expectant look, betraying all her hidden love and hope. She was dressed magnificently, in black velvet, low on the shoulders, with brilliants clasped about her bare neck and arms. In her black braids she wore only a bunch of apple-blossoms. Her cheeks, usually rather sallow, were red as a young girl's. She must have expended all her hoarded salary on this extravagance dress so unsuited to her position. When she saw me she started, biting her lip in a momentary embarrassment.

"The stage is late," I said, rising; "where is Lillian?"

"Oh, she is at the front gateway. She will wait for her father there."

I went out and joined my cousin. I knew that Miss Miller had planned to meet Dr. Meredith alone, where she would dare to betray a tender agitation at the meeting, and when, in the excitement of the moment, she might *involuntarily* allow him to perceive not only what a splendid woman she was, but how deeply interested she was in him.

So let it be! Since Lillian was lost to me, the affairs of this household might quietly slip into the hands of so awaiting authority. My plans were laid, as well as they could be, in my situation. As soon as my uncle was settled at home, I had rendered an account of my stewardship, I would leave Meredith Place forever. I would not say that I had left it forever, but such was my resolve. I would go into some hospital in New York or Philadelphia, where I could receive instruction in return for my services. I would be a good physician, an honor to the old line; while, as for the rest, Heaven knew!—life appeared stale and unprofitable enough.

I trembled as I stood silently by Lillian's side. I had not been alone with her for days and weeks. He was always in the way. To day, however, he kept his distance. Miss Miller had too much tact to allow him to be too suddenly intruded upon the notice of the long-absent father.

"You are very exclusive, of late," remarked my cousin, with a half-pont, as she leaned over the gate, looking up the road, and not at me. "You are not old Joe any more."

What a fool I was to be pleased with these words! When Arthur Miller was away she could find leisure to coquet with me! I despised myself for the thrill of pleasure which drew through me and fighting it down, answered, quietly:

"I've been very busy. When the Doctor is safely home I expect to take my departure, and I have preparations to complete."

"Cousin Joe, are you going away?" she asked, edging quickly, turning and laying her roseleaf hand on my arm.

I thought she looked grieved, that the tears sprang to her eyes, and I never could bear the way she had of saying "Cousin Joe," without losing all resentment, so I answered much less bitterly than I had felt a moment previous:

"I must go. This is no longer home to me. I must work, and I must go where work is to be found."

"But, Cousin Joe—"

Then the rattle of the wheels was heard, and Lillian sprang outside the gate, forgetful of all; a cloud of dust rose up into the pink and white

blossoms which made one long bower of the country road; the galloping horses came into sight, and the driver, with a style and flourish meant to do honor to his passenger, and to Meredith Place, drew up before the entrance.

I saw the Doctor leap out, and turn to assist a young lady who had sat by his side; but Lillian had seen nothing saving her father's dear face, and she clung to him so fondly, with tears and laughter, that he had finally to disengage her loving arms.

"Lilly, my child, here is another who needs a welcome home. Call her Inez, or mother, or Mrs. Meredith—what you please—only be friends with her, for my sake."

(To be continued—continued in No. 384.)

THISBE.

She lives in the smoky city,
Low down by the rail line;
She asks for a song, a pity;
Nor cares for verse of mine.

She's moving hither and thither,
And often her work is hard;
But sometimes in fine weather
She rests a bit in the yard!

With the empty pail behind her,
She leans her arms on the wall,
And hopes that there he'll find her,
Her lover, strong and tall.

Up in the air above her
The great trains outward go;
And many a lass and her lover
May journey to Jericho.

But when he stoops from his doorway,
And leans his arms on the wall,
The world would be in a poor way
If that were not best of all.

The Velvet Hand: OR, THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT,"
"ROCKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "KENTUCKY
THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

It was plainly evident that the dusky maid fully believed that she spoke the truth when she declared that but for her, Blanche, the velvet chief would have joined fortunes with the red braves, the masters of the lava rocks and the great northern wilderness, but the thought was folly! What was she to him, or he to her! If he came near the cottage at all it was to woo the waiting-maid, Zimmy, and the proud beauty smiled in scorn at the thought.

The night was growing apace; she turned to enter the house, and was amazed to behold a tall, dark form advancing slowly around the corner of the cottage.

It was an Indian—a brawny chief wrapped up closely in a ragged blanket.

He ducked his head gravely upon perceiving that he was recognized, and uttered the salutation so common to the half-civilized red-man of the West.

"How now?"

The girl, well used to the Indians from early childhood, perceived at a glance that this brawny brave was no California savage; no red-skin west of the Rocky Mountain range ever boasted such a build.

Upon the appearance of the chief I thought that he was a companion of the girl naturally occurred at once to the senorita, and the Indian soon put that idea to flight.

"Bad squaw—McCloud girl," he said, gravely, nodding his head in the direction taken by the Indian maid. "Chief watch her come—think mebbe she do bad—keep eye on her, you bet, bully boy!"

Blanche then understood that the red-man was claiming to act as a protector.

"Do you know her?" she asked.

"Mebbe yes—not much bad egg! no good McCloud but dead McCloud! Chief see her come—see her creep like wild-cat—think mebbe she mean bad—chief 'ant' up too; she no 'pass,' he 'come' in—all good white men say chief old, tough son-of-a-gun!"

This was the most peculiar savage that the girl had ever seen.

"What tribe is the chief?" asked Blanche, curious to know whence he came.

"Blackfoot—tribe fur off—many sleeps away. O-wa-he is a great chief among his people—like white braves too; white chiefs call him Mud-turtle."

The girl had never encountered a member of the Blackfoot nation before, and therefore it was no wonder that she did not recognize the stranger's nation.

"Chief hungry," continued the brave, impressively; "like grub—much grub, mebbe white squaw gives chief fodder, he watch see—that bad McCloud squaw no come back."

"Certainly; come with me."

Blanche conducted the red-man into the kitchen where his arrival produced quite a sensation among the servants.

Bidding the housekeeper provide a substantial meal for the red-skin, the girl withdrew to the privacy of her own apartment, there to meditate in solitude over the strange events of the day.

Mud-turtle had astonished the servants by his uncouth appearance, but he still more astonished them by his enormous appetite and the wonderful command which he possessed over the miner's slang common to the mountain region.

When the housekeeper, an aged dame of uncertain temper, told him that he was as big as an elephant, and could eat as much, he replied placidly that the statement was "too thin," and that she had better "walk off on her ear."

And then, when the hostler of the establishment, a wily Mexican, took a fancy to a peculiar tobacco-pouch which the Indian wore, about the only thing that was of much value that the chief possessed, and expressed a wish to purchase it, the Indian whipped out a deck of dirty cards from some hidden recess and offered to play a game of poker, the Mexican to stake a certain sum of money against the article.

Now, as the hostler rather prided himself upon his skill with cards, he gladly accepted the challenge, but the nimble-fingered Sanchez was a very bungler compared to the stolid savage, for cheat as outrageously as the Mexican could, the chief cheated still better, and within half an hour Sanchez had lost every valuable that he possessed.

And then, as if sighing for new worlds to conquer, the savage folded his blanket around him and stole away, his stomach full and his pockets well lined, thanks to the hostler's desire to possess the tobacco-pouch.

CHAPTER XIX. LET UP, OLD MAN.

The dusk of the evening shades was falling fast upon the town of Cinnabar. The miners were beginning to pour into the town, fresh from the mountain gulches and the toils of the

day; the saloons were beginning to freshen up and prepare for business, for it is by night only that the saloon in the mining town does much

Colma shrieked, excited beyond the bounds of endurance, and then lifting his hand he struck the Cimabar sharp a violent blow in the face. In a second Velvet Hand sprung upon him. He wrenched the Californian from his feet as though he was but a child and forced him over flat upon his back, pressing his powerful hand upon Del Colma's chest; then he drew forth his glittering bowie-knife.

Del Colma was half-stunned by his sudden downfall but he had sense enough left to understand that he was utterly at the mercy of the man whom he had so wantonly provoked.

"Strike!" he cried, wild with impotent rage; "the blood of a degenerate nation may be in my veins, but I do not fear to die."

"Kill you, eh?" cried the victor, with a bitter smile; "oh, no, that is not my game. You called me a thief and now I'm going to brand you as a liar. Your life I'll spare but I'll put a mark upon you that will endure to your dying day! The letters L-I-A-R I'll carve on your forehead!"

"Oh, for heaven's sake spare me that!" fairly yelled Del Colma, white with rage and terror; "death rather—death I beg!"

"Why have you attacked and insulted me so grossly—a man who never injured you?"

"You, a gambler, would marry my sister! I know how you meet her in secret—how you gave her a love-token which she accepted?" hissed Del Colma, almost choking with rage.

"A love-token!" cried Velvet Hand, in astonishment. "Why, I never met your sister but once, and then I happened to stop her runaway horse after she and the saddle had parted company with the beast. And when she thanked me she saw the diamond ring gleaming on my finger—the ring which you gave me as a surety for the gaming debt you owe—her ring, which you had no business to thus dispose of. She never suspected the truth, instantly jumped to the conclusion that it had been lost, and found by me, and asked me if I had found it, and I—the poor, mean, miserable thief of a gambler—lied to the girl rather than tell her that her own noble brother had given me the ring as a security for a gambling debt."

"Is this truth?" Del Colma exclaimed, totally bewildered.

"Truth!" cried Velvet Hand, roughly; "do you want me to drive my knife through your throat and let out some of your hot blood that you use such ugly words?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

PEARL-LILIES.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

To-night I open'd the casket,
Where your gifts lay cool and fair;
Placed one spray upon my bosom,
And the heart-beat throbbing there
Shoot the pearl-formed valley-lilies
Like flowers trembling in the air.

Then on my broidered brows I wear,
Spare in my fragile bairns of thought,
And I touched the summer glory—
Of a dream-land, fancy-wrought—
Drank the wondrous, witching glory
Of ambrosia, poison fraught.

Ah, the fate-spiled, wasted nectar
Touches quivering lips to-night;
And the gold-peach glow and glimmer,
Are to me a golden bairn,
As the sweet, dead hours grow vivid
By the tear-drops, flashing bright.

In this misty, tear-drop mirror
I see you waiting there
For the rustle of my coming—
For my step upon the stair,
Smiling when you see your answer
On my bosom, in my hair.

"Twas a faint, suggestive answer
To the dead rustle of thine;
If you love me, oh, my darling,
Let those fair pearl-lilies shine
On your bosom, in your tresses—
Then I'll know your heart is mine!"

And the winking semi-darkness
Could not vail my answer sweet,
For your glad eyes seemed the secret
Of a secret, with heart-beat,
And Love's strong enchantment held us,
In a triumph all complete.

Then—but why recall that moment?
Why live o'er a dream like this?
Let it perish with the memory!
Can it? Ah, that deathless kiss
Holds again my maddened pulses
In the throb of its bliss.

For the bands around the casket;
Hide the gift of life to-night,
For I cannot feel the wisdom
Of a Father's hand to-night;
Cannot see why life's fair lilies
Faded in their flower-time bright.

Sowing the Wind;

OR,

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,
AUTHOR OF "VIALS OF WRATH," "WAS SHE
HIS WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

"HERSELF!"

PAULINE found Jocelyne sitting beside the window, from which she had removed the woolen stuff, enjoying the cool breeze that swept strongly in, laden with suggestions of rain. The stars were being hidden by a thunder-cloud that was rolling up more densely black with every minute, and low down in the horizon fierce flashes of rosy-red lightning were darting.

The lamp was extinguished, and at first the room was pitch-dark, and then the light filtering from the brilliant radiance of the rooms below; but she soon became accustomed to it, and was glad to tell of her strange discovery where no tell-tale light would disclose the horrid suspensions she feared her face might reveal.

She deposited the portmanteau on the floor, and laid the flannels on the chair, then went and sat on the floor at Jocelyne's feet.

"Miss Jocelyne, I told you of the man found murdered in the Park—murdered by a stab-wound—and that no clue was found. What would you think if you suddenly came across a stabbing-knife, rusty and discolored, and hidden away?"

Her eager, intense voice excited Jocelyne's curiosity at once.

"What would I do? I should think I had found a clue. What do you mean, Pauline?"

The girl's black eyes glistened in the fitful, lightnings gleams.

"I mean," and her voice sunk to a low, sibilant whisper, "I mean, Miss Jocelyne, that I found such a thing just now, down-stairs, in Miss Iva's closet—she tried to kill you, didn't she? If she would do one she would do the other, without me!"

Jocelyne sprang to her feet, excitedly.

"Oh, Pauline! what dreadful thing do you say? Iva murder—oh, Pauline!"

"Then what does the little rusty weapon mean? It is what you call a stiletto, a poniard, a dagger. What is it doing there? They couldn't find it at the time!"

Jocelyne was shivering perceptibly, and her dark eyes had a piteous, horrified light in them.

"It cannot be! Oh, it cannot be, Pauline! I can understand why she would wish me dead, but—he—he was a stranger to her—an utter stranger."

"I can remember how strangely she has acted ever since. I remember how she has been unusually careful not to send me to that closet. I see now. I can recall how wakeful she has been, and how she insisted on having the door between

her sleeping-room and mine open. Miss Jocelyne, before God, I believe there is something in it."

Her black eyes were shining luridly, in strange contrast to her ghastly, horrified face.

"And to think Mr. Ithamar will marry her! To think he will have for his wife a woman who secretes a stiletto that none could when a man stabbed to death was found just at her door! Miss Jocelyne, what shall we do? God guide us what must we do?"

Jocelyne leaned back in her chair, pale, horrid-stricken at the awful suspicion that had fastened on them both. The girl's secret words that Mr. Ithamar would marry such an one were like probes to her quick heart. What might she do? What could she do? Surely, surely, he must be saved; at least, he should know the terrible suspicion—then, do as he thought best.

Pauline had re-curtained the window and lit the lamp, while Jocelyne sat collecting her thoughts.

"I cannot tell, I dare not tell, what we should do. Pauline, don't ask me. I am going away to-morrow—going away where no one will ever know me where I will never hear of my darling again. I will go, and then, after I am gone, if you wish to tell him, you can. But you will never break your promise to me concerning my secret. I have always promised, Pauline, never to tell him I am alive."

Pauline's face was growing sternly calm. In her black eyes was giving place to a steady, resolute light.

"I promised you, Miss Jocelyne, Mr. Ithamar will never hear from my lips the words that you are alive. You may believe me."

"I do believe you; you have proved yourself a dear, good friend. I never can recompense you for your kindness, but I will pray God to bless you and save you from the woes I have seen and suffered."

The girl reverently, affectionately kissed the fair, pale hand that lay on her shoulder.

"I would like to see you again, Miss Jocelyne!"

"I am a love-token for the gaming debt you owe—her ring, which you had no business to thus dispose of. She never suspected the truth, instantly jumped to the conclusion that it had been lost, and found by me, and asked me if I had found it, and I—the poor, mean, miserable thief of a gambler—lied to the girl rather than tell her that her own noble brother had given me the ring as a security for a gambling debt."

"Is this truth?" Del Colma exclaimed, totally bewildered.

"Truth!" cried Velvet Hand, roughly; "do you want me to drive my knife through your throat and let out some of your hot blood that you use such ugly words?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 380.)

She was thinking of Jocelyne now—sweet Jocelyne, alone in the dismal attic room. Her grave womanly courtesy of address, her modest yet brave demeanor, commanded his attention. He drew a chair up to his table, and requested her to be seated again, strangely interested, in spite of himself.

"Now explain to me fully, Pauline, what you mean."

She refused to take the chair, but stood opposite him.

"Mr. Ithamar, will you grant me a very great liberty in a very great favor? Will you let me ask one more question? Will you tell me the frank? Remember, I have lived under this roof since Miss Jocelyne was a little girl—grant me the favor for her sake."

A look of pain swept across his face as he pleaded for Jocelyne's sake.

He answered her kindly:

"I think you may venture to ask me what you wish, my good girl."

"Then, sir, do you love Miss Jocelyne?"

A flush, first of resentment, then of anguish, crossed his face.

"Pauline, I loved Miss Jocelyne as I never loved another woman."

"Do you love Miss Iva?"

There was a fascinating something about the odd, eager questions that influenced him strangely.

"She will be my wife, Pauline."

The excitement in her eyes deepened. She leaned over the table, nearer him.

"Would you be a happier man to-night if Jocelyne were alive and well?"

He sprang to his feet.

"For God's sake, question me no further! I have granted you a privilege for her sake, and you use it to harrow my very soul."

He walked to the window and stood looking out into the distance.

"Sir, I do not mean to harrow your soul. God helping me, you will find you've no better friend than the servant who waits upon your future wife. Mr. Ithamar, could you bear to tell her that I have seen what I supposed was Miss Jocelyne's ghost, but which I will swear was not?"

He looked at her with dumb, wild face.

"Was not? Then, in God's name, what was it?"

She leaned nearer him, and answered:

"Herself!"

CHAPTER XLII.

"I THAMAR, BEHOLD!"

"Herself! Why do you torment me so? Herself! When you know, and I know, she died and was buried, Pauline! I have borne all I can from you. You must leave me now."

His countenance was anguished, convulsed with woe, and he almost staggered to open the door for her.

"I will go, sir, in one moment. But before I go, I will tell you that, although you saw her lying in her coffin and laid away in the vault, although you have informed her dead mistress that I—sir, I—sir, before God, that it was herself, that Miss Iva saw! It is a strange story, sir—shall I tell you? Will you believe it, or doubt as I did, until I could doubt no more?"

He stood like some petrified statue midway between the table and door, his blue eyes burning with wild, awful fire, his grand face ghastly, his strong frame trembling like a woman's.

"Tell me! In God's name, explain, quickly!"

His voice was broken, hoarse, as he reeled against the wall for support.

He had lost all hope of case of suspended animation, sir—cases where bodies have been buried while in that state? You have heard of people being resuscitated, of coming back to life again?"

He stood listening in a perfect agony of horrible suspense, and yet, hardly able to grasp what she meant.

"Rescued! My little Jocelyne rescued from her coffin!"

He said it in a quick, hollow whisper.

"Rescued, sir, from the coffin where she was placed through the merciless hands of her rival, although you have informed her dead mistress that I—sir, I—sir, before God, that it was herself, that Miss Iva saw!"

"I will do it, if I die for it! I told her I would tell her she was alive—I will not—but he shall know!"

Mr. Ithamar's voice bade her enter, and she went forward, pale, resolute, but strengthened by a grand resolve.

He spoke kindly to her, with his never-failing courtesy.

"Well, Pauline, you wanted to see me? Will you sit down?"

"Mr. Ithamar, I wish to see you on important business. Sir, would you please shut and lock the door?"

He looked gravely at her pale face and scared eyes, then walked over to the door and closed and locked it. Then he came back to where Pauline sat, with a small parcel in her hand.

"Now, Pauline, I will listen to whatever you may have to say."

His grave, tranquil tones, so at variance with the subject she had to announce, made it seem a matter of wonder to herself that it was so.

"Mr. Ithamar, first I will ask you to forgive me for daring to take such a liberty as I take in coming to you at all. But I did not know what to do, or where to go. I was frightened and worried, because of this, sir."

She unrolled the paper and laid the stiletto on the table—the stiletto that had taken Ernest St. Felix's life in the hands of Ernest St. Felix's wife.

Mr. Ithamar looked at it with quiet, unsuspicious eyes.

"Well, Pauline? What is there in this to demand my attention?"

Her voice was eager, low in answer.

"Oh, sir, don't you remember no one could find the instrument with which the man found in the Park was stabbed?"

Mr. Ithamar's face faintly assumed an expression of intense interest.

"I was not at the moment thinking of the murdered man. Where did you find this? You did perfectly right to bring it to me. So far as I can remember the wound was about the size and shape of this dagger. It doubtless will furnish a clue."

He was examining it with keen interest, not looking at the piteous fear on the girl's face, never supposing but what she had found it somewhere in the grounds.

She did not immediately answer, and her silence attracted his attention. He looked up, startled by her face, her eyes, her agitation.

"What? What do you still have to say, Pauline?"

She did not say a word. The time of her woe was come. She slipped her hand in her pocket, and clutched the delicate crystal vial.

"I sent for you to tell you I was found out, at last—to tell you I blushed that your name is the same as mine—to tell you that although you so nearly wrecked my life, you have not succeeded in utterly destroying it. Viper! That stung the bosom that warmed it! Treacherous, vilest of the vile, your punishment is at hand!"

She could hardly believe it to be Florian Ithamar's voice, so awfully and cruelly were the words, the tones. Still she made no answer, but her fingers were loosening the cork from the vial.

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The Inimitable Agile Penne's

Beautiful, Graphic and Exciting Romance of the Great City:

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OR,

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

Life in the Great City to the very life, in which

The Flower Girl of the Ferry,

A Celebrated Divorce Lawyer,

The "Queen of the Blondes,"

The Young Artist-Actor,

The Strange Lady of the Tenement,

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are some of the character-cast to a most singular and absorbingly-interesting story, where-in women intrigue for love and men intrigue for lucre. Three trains of incident and three lines of actors, at first unrelated, become involved and lead to one denouement. The conflict of woman's

LOVES, HATES, PITIY AND AMBITION, and the art, maneuver and plotting of unscrupulous men schemers give the talented author fine vantage ground for his brilliant portraiture of men and women whom thousands of readers will recognize at once as noted characters in Metropolitan Stage, Society and Law-court circles. The story, therefore, is a "Mirror held up to Nature" which is quite likely to create a sensation.

Sunshine Papers.

Musketeos.

A SMALL subject, but—oh my! If you think they are not of enough account to fill a Sunshine Paper, how dreadfully unacquainted with them you must be! Why, do you know their merits? their accomplishments? their characteristics? their habits? their virtues? If not, you are not prepared to speak of them with disdain, nor to banish them from literary fame. Too long have these tiny creatures been ignored in both poetry and prose. It is quite time that some one should give them a place in print.

With the antecedents of the musketeo, I will not weary you. By whose will the musketeo first became a resident of this mundane sphere, is a subject concerning which I have my own theological belief, but the discussion of which I do not care to enter into, at present. The merits of the musketeo are numerous. They send you in from the croquet-ground, when your excitement in the game causes you to forget that "early dews are falling" and your dress and boots are excessively thin. They afford excellent excuses to young ladies for leaving that pretty nook in the rocks, or that mossy seat on a fallen tree, and joining the other pio-nickers just as the *tete-a-tetes* in which they have been indulging with their attendant swains become a trifle too personal. They will not allow you to remain comfortably upon the piazza after the sun sets and malaria is in the air. They are always conveniently ready to bear the blame of naughty little imprecations that are made when some one steps on your slippers, feet, or tears your muslin. They keep you awake at night, and so make you good-tempered in the morning. They are fond of the children.

And then, their accomplishments! Musketeos are light and graceful dancers; and tire less ones as well. Moreover, they are excellent inculcators of the cardinal virtues; they help one to be persevering, patient, gentle, amiable, abhorrent of profanity. They have, also, a peculiarly accomplished way of beautifying the faces, hands and limbs of their friends. The baby wakes up with its face so charmingly tattooed; you look in your mirror and admire the deep color and improved size of your ears, the fashion in which one eye is closed, and the little lumps on your nasal organ.

Besides these varied and admirable accomplishments, musketeos are exquisite musicians. Who, that loves music, would willingly have these dear little songsters banished from his bedroom? How low, how sweet, how patiently, how distinctly, they sing their little solos around the pillows of those they love!

The chief characteristics of these charming insects, are their extreme smallness, excessive fragility, remarkable power, wonderful vigilance, unparalleled wakefulness, and the infinite democracy of their principles.

Though so tiny and so delicate of stature, musketeos have great power over the acts, minds, manners and morals of individuals, and can often produce in the hearts of the strongest men and women great emotion. They never sleep, but with beautiful devotion and unfiring vigilance follow the goings and comings, and guard the slumbers, of mortals. Nor do they put on aristocratic airs. They fully believe in a true democracy, and they visit alike the homes of the high and the haunts of the lowly.

In their habits, musketeos are very sociable. They enjoy plenty of human society, and they are playful. Did you ever try to grab a musketeo in your hand but he flew in your very eyes, laughing at your failure? Did you ever hear several hundreds of them about your bed, and get up and light a lamp, and find any—one there? The playful little creatures are under the bedsheet, dancing about the top of the ceiling, peeping at you from beneath the bureau—anywhere but where you can see them. But when you turn down the light, and creep back to your couch, they all come trooping, singing, laughing back, full of good nature and frolic at having gotten the best of you. You ought to enjoy the fun, too. Perhaps you do.

The musketeo is the embodiment of several rare virtues. He is forgiving, friendly, and so happy of disposition that he always goes about singing. He is persevering. If he does not soothe you the first time, he does not tire of trying and trying again. He is enterprising. Screens, nets, powder, smoke, pennyroyal will not keep him from roving where he wills. He is patient. He will spend hours, yes the whole night, endeavoring, with his little song, to hush one restless individual to sleep.

Oh! musketeo, thou thing of many virtues, of many accomplishments, of many merits! I have sought to represent thee in thy art; to make men see how worthy a subject, in thee, I have found for my pen; to raise thee to that place on the ladder of fame that thy qualities should earn for thee; but I know full well the baseness of human nature, and because thou hast one little fault, for thy carverousness, men and housemaids will still go on sending thee to a hasty end, through the medium of a broom with a wet towel over it!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULD THEY?

I HAVE heard many people give utterance to the expression, "If I could but live my life over again, how different would I act;" and I wondered, if they could have their wish, if they would act differently. I don't dispute the fact that they think they would, but my idea is that they wouldn't be much different.

If the spendthrift could live his life over, would he be more saving and put by the "needful" for a rainy day? Would he patronize the savings bank and believe that a comfortable abode in one place was preferable to roving about here and there, and that the loved ones at home are better than bar-room companions?

Would these vile calumniators who spread their scandal and slander broadcast make a better use of their time, tongue and pen, or would they still worry people into their graves before their time?

Would those who have gone astray and wandered into paths forbidden, pursue a more upright and noble life, and live for the elevation and not degradation of humanity? Would they count the cost before they decided to enter into a compact with Satan and barter away their souls for mere dress?

Would we speak more kindly to those who are around us, act less harshly toward our neighbor, and treat those with whom we come in contact as though we wanted to have them around us, and not desire to kick them out of the way and have come with them forever?

Would we be kinder to those who are nearing the last milestone of life, more patient with the fractious invalid whose pleasures are few and pains many?

Would John scold so much because the baby is cross and awake all night, depriving him of rest? When he sees that little form carried to Greenwood cemetery, and knows that, never on earth, will he again see its features, will he not wish he had complained less and done more? Would not the cry of that babe, fretful as he thought it, be the sweetest music to his ears? Treasures are never valued so much as when lost.

Would fathers who have dissipated sons, be so strict as not to allow their children any pleasure at home, and cause them to seek it elsewhere, in disreputable company? Would others be too indulgent and let their offspring grow up like weeds? Would dissipated sons wander after strange and questionable pleasures if homes were more attractive? Would daughters spend half their time in frivolous amusement, if there was such a blessed thing to them as "home, sweet home?" Would sewing societies do more and talk less—find out the good in one's character and imitate it, instead of prying out the bad qualities of one's neighbor and commenting too harshly upon them?

Would we be so apt to berate certain professions and callings, and then ask them to help us out of our troubles with the very money we think they have earned in a manner of which we do not approve? Would we see that one can be as much respected in one profession as another, provided they earned their money honorably and behaved respectably?

Would politicians fight as much for the public good as they do now for a good fat office? Would they be more conscientious and truth-telling? Would people be as willing to live for you as they now are to die for you—at least, as they pretend to be? Would they be as willing to cheer and comfort, and not refuse a slight favor, as they profess to be willing to "go through fire and water" to serve you?

These are wonderings which intrude themselves in many persons' thoughts at various times. If we could but live our lives over again! But, as we cannot, why not devote the remainder of our present life to carrying out the ideas as far as possible, which we think we would act upon? We cannot call the dead to life; we cannot undo the wrong done them; we cannot recall the mischief we have worked; but we can still live for something noble and true. Heaven knows there is enough for us all to do, and Heaven also knows how sadly we neglect the work assigned us.

Too late now, you think? It is never too late to turn over the new leaf!

EVE LAWLESS.

THE world is good in its place. If kept without the heart, like the water outside of the ship, it may aid to bear us to the haven of eternal rest. But as the water, if allowed to come within the ship, soon fills and sinks it, so the world, if it gets into the heart, will be its ruin. To possess the world may not be injurious—to be possessed by it is destructive alike to character, to happiness and to the soul.

THERE is a sort of natural instinct or human dignity in the heart of man which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the blow of an adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight; even so the character of a man. There is no merit in it, a law of psychology. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often bent the characters of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck.

Foolscap Papers.

Serving Turkey.

The celebrity which I gained in our late misunderstanding, in leading my men out of danger, caused the Sultan to send me an invitation (scented, with stamp inclosed) to come over and enter his service.

[I might add here that my extreme care of my men in avoiding personal peril has had a wonderful effect in raising volunteers. They all follow me—and would if I wasn't there.]

I was made colonel of a regiment stationed on the Danube, with orders to allow no Russians to cross over, unless they had paid for their passage in advance and had tickets. I had untied several fresh planes of torpedoes to blow up their gunboats in case they came over without tickets.

The Danube lay between us, and I believe the troops on either side were glad of it. Neither side wanted to cross over it by tunneling under it. I was afraid lest some Russian idiotic general would dig a canal around to the rear of them, and turn Danube into it, thus leaving themselves on our side; but they did not think of that.

The most remarkable part of the war was performed by myself and a squad of men. A Russian iron-clad lay opposite us. One dark night we rowed over in a skiff, unthatched the anchor, and towed the monitor over to our side. The garrison was below asleep, and the question was, what would we do with them?

If they woke up we were gone. We began to nail the port-holes up to shut them in when they woke out of their slumbers. And we went. Such winking you never saw; but it was policy. They went back.

I set to work constructing an iron-clad on my own design. It was a powerful affair; the plates were of enormous thickness, and could not be penetrated by any rifled projectile. It was perfectly safe, and on that principle I worked. It cost the Turkish government two million dollars. It was a grand thing, never equalled. When ready to launch, the government inspectors came to see it. The first thing they asked was, where are the port-holes? Port-holes? I didn't intend to have any, from the fact that so much damage and loss of life is caused by port-holes; the enemy's balls come right into them, and play smash, and it is much safer without them, and with that monitor I could go right past a fort or a fleet.

"But," said they, "how in thunder are you going to shoot out of the blamed thing?" It hadn't occurred to me. I had been so interested in regard to the balls coming in, that I had entirely forgotten about the balls going out. Port-holes were ordered in and I went out.

We occasionally exchanged shots with a Russian fortress opposite (for whose name I beg to refer you to the latest war maps, as I have not time to write it), commanded by a general whose name I could only spell with a *h*, skip and jump, double sommersaults, a chug in the back, and a look at the sun. In one day we shot a thousand—balls, and killed great quantities of time.

My cavalry corps was in excellent condition, and the fact that the Russians could not cross the river, did not make them less brave.

I frequently received the thanks of His Sultanic Majesty for the splendid organization of my troops. I organized them with hand-organs. We captured a boat with Russian supplies. They live on light diet—that is to say, on tall-wax candles, and of course they were left in the dark for food, a thing they could not make light of. The candles were old and somewhat moldy, but that does not make any difference.

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LOVE'S DREAM OF LOVE.

BY A. W. BELLAW.

There is no tree that weans God's grace
But somewhere hath its kin and kind,
Nor flower along familiar ways
But hath some far-off flower to bind.

There is no shell on the sea's side—
But hath its other in the sea—
The water and the world are wide—
And no one knows all things that be.

The saddest music ever poured
Sings heart-strings caught and strung,
The humblest song that ever soared
Hath somewhere found an answering tongue.

Hearts lean to live, and feel and know;
Hearts lean to hear, though out of speech,
Like all else that is in misery,
That never seem vainly teach.

Surely the belief, and half-dreams,
To think whatever things there be,
That, somewhere, some eye burns for thine,
That, somewhere, some heart beats for thee.

That heart which claims thee as its kind
The dying-day may only show;
But thou shalt fold it then, and find—
Shalt look into those eyes and know.

Louie's Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I CAN'T see whatever we will do with her. She's a delicate, sickly little thing, and hasn't either the strength or desire to earn her living as the rest of us do—eh, Louie?"

Motherly old Mrs. Simmonds smiled half-reprovingly, half-indulgently down in the pale wistful face of the girl who sat so quietly beside her, listening to the conversation going on between Mrs. Simmonds and her guest—farmer Alwyn's wife, who had run over with her knitting for an afternoon's visit and to "stay to tea."

They were the very ideals of comfortable, contented, well-to-do farmers' wives; they were portly, and rosy, and bright-eyed—such a contrast, physically, to the slim, hollow-eyed girl who spoke never a word unless specially addressed.

Her name was Louie Harland, and she had been a member of the thrifty Simmonds family for years and years—ever since a bitter cold December day, thirteen years ago, when, a forlorn, half-clothed baby of three years, she had come to the kitchen door, crying, shivering and in barely intelligible words told them she had lost "pappy" and was so cold and hungry. Mrs. Simmonds' big, warm heart had been stirred to its very depths by the sight of the forlorn little wail, and in mingled indignation against the cruel wretch who would permit such a baby to become so ragged and suffering and neglected, and great, tender pity, took the little one, in resolving to keep it in warmth and plenty until "pappy" should search for it—and it had now been fourteen years and Louie Harland had come to be almost regarded as a genuine Simmonds by father and mother and a dozen-and-a-half rosy, plump children who loved Louie so dearly.

For she was lovable, and although, as Mrs. Simmonds tenderly declared, the child was fit for nothing—not even competent to earn her salt, yet she was a favorite with all for her sweet, gentle ways and her patience and willingness to do what little she could.

Only Louie could not work. It seemed to her that of all terrible things the routine of housework was the most terrible, and yet she never hesitated an instant to obediently perform whatever lay within her power, however distasteful the task was.

But—there was one thing Louie loved to do, one thing that made the Simmonds girls and boys sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry, and sometimes feel awestruck; that made farmer Simmonds often lay down his pipe in rapt, amazed interest, that made dear Mrs. Simmonds wipe her eyes and sob audibly—and that was when Louie would read aloud of winter evenings, or recite some exquisite poem she had memorized, or render some side-splitting monologue from some humorist.

Then Louie would seem to lose her identity. She would flush with excitement, and her fresh, sweetly-toned young voice would fairily vibrate with the intensity of the enthusiasm; her fragile form would seem to dilate with interest; her dark, intelligent eyes would shine with inspiration, or melt with pathos or glow with humor, and from farmer Simmonds down to little Nell, they all considered Louie's reading a genuine treat.

Only that they never dreamed of appreciating it as they ought—none of them except Will Dayton, Mrs. Simmonds' younger brother, who would hang on Louie's enraptured words with interest scarcely less intense than her own. Only Will, in all his grand strength of healthy manhood, understood and appreciated her sensitive, delicate nature that was attuned to such higher keys than the simple melody to which their lives were contentedly set.

Only he knew that it was like an eagle consorting with doves, when Louie, with her fine intelligence, her longing nature, her uncultured talents, her great capabilities, was trying to keep herself down on level with their equally good but less exalted natures.

He came gradually to care very much for her; until, one day when she went to him with all her heart in her big black eyes, and told him, breathlessly, that Mrs. LeCount, the great lady who was summering at the hotel, had heard her reciting one day when she was driving by, and had instantly come in, and had a long, long talk with her, and the result was she was to go back to New York with her—when Will Dayton heard that, he knew, for sure, that he cared very, very much for Louie—that she had completely filled his heart, and that without her life would lose very many, if not all, its charms.

And right then and there he told her how he loved her, how he should miss her, and begged her to be true in heart to him when she should be away among people who would no doubt be more congenial to her than her old associates.

And Louie had confessed her love and promised to be true to him; and not long after that she went away from the quiet countryside with Mrs. LeCount, and although letters frequently came saying she was well and happy and had found occupation that was easy and delightful to her, still the old farm-house seemed lonesome without her, and Will found it hard work to do without seeing her thin, intelligent, sorrowful face that to him was so fair and lovely.

The late summer days went on, and winter followed, and another summer came, and in all those weary days Louie never came home, and good old Mrs. Simmonds used to complain and fret that Louie had forgotten them, that Louie had found other friends to take their places; while only Will Dayton would not have it that the one woman he loved was not true to her pure instincts of gratitude and piety.

But, even Will, so loyal and loving and true, began to doubt at last when into Louie's letters, dated here and there and everywhere—from Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Chicago

—when into her letters there began to appear very often Claud Hamilton's name—never in a way that would have aroused any jealousy, yet in a way that aroused his wonder, his suspicion that perhaps, *perhaps* Louie had discovered she loved this fancy-named fellow better than himself.

Those were dark days for poor Will, lightened only by Louie's letters which were themselves not the lighthearted messages they seemed to Will they should have been. At least, although they were cheerful and hopeful and kindly affectionate, still the recurrence of Claud Hamilton's name spoiled all else for Will.

With that feeling of suspicion against this Mr. Hamilton, this feeling that was so near akin to jealousy of Louie, there came to Will another new source of trouble, and that was a dawning, restless discontent that he did not understand the nature of Louie's business abroad. She had kept it secret from them all at the farm, merrily promising to let them know when her future prospects of fame and success were assured beyond the shadow of a doubt. On that brave, loving promise Will had heretofore quietly rested, until—gradually the demon of jealousy crept in among his true love for Louie; until, his heart torn by the never-failing mention, in some way or other, of Mr. Claud Hamilton's name, Will could no longer endure it, and then, upon receipt of a letter from Louie saying that her next would be from New York, where she would remain a fortnight, Will made up his mind to be in New York for that same fortnight and devote all his tireless energies to finding the girl he loved and who so persistently kept herself from him.

And so, one delicious starry night in early autumn, when there was just enough crispness in the sweet fresh air to make it pleasant indoors when one tired of being out, it happened—not, "happened," for there is no such condition of human affairs as that which some people call "accidental"—but it was decreed by Destiny, or Fate, or what you will, that Will Dayton was led to Steinway Hall, where huge placards announced the appearance of some popular dramatic reader, whose name he did not see for the crowds that were passing in with him; and he took his seat with a strangely homesick lonesome feeling coming over him as he realized with a new keen appreciation the magnitude of the undertaking that had brought him to the city with its thousands and tens of thousands of people who had never as much as heard of Louie Harland's name.

Or—Claud Hamilton's either, he thought, with a thrill of pure, jealous rage. Claud Hamilton for whom, he so horribly feared, Louie was gradually playing him false, whom—

And just then the enthusiastic applause of the vast crowd made him look up to see whom they were welcoming with such warm, glad greeting—made him look up to see a slight, graceful, girlish figure standing in the center of the stage; a stylishly-dressed, elegant-looking lady in trailing black silk, heavy and lustrous, with frills of exquisite lace falling over her white-kidded hands and bracelet arms, with a ruff of the same filmy snowiness circling her slender rounded throat, where a massive gold pin caught it in rich plainness of elephantine.

A girl with a rarely intelligent face, and dark, intense eyes; with a pure, pale complexion to which all the storm of applause brought no flush of gratified vanity, with a grave expressive mouth that made Will Dayton almost unable to resist the temptation he felt to rush to her and ask her if Claud Hamilton had defiled it with his lover's kiss.

For it was Louie Harland—Louie who had arisen like a star in her beautiful profession of dramatic rendering; who, people said, was equal to Charlotte Cushman—Louie, who had crowded houses when she appeared, and who was coining a fortune as fast as a pair of women's hands had ever done.

Then she commenced—one of the very balls she had many a time rendered for them at the old farm-house, when Mrs. Simmonds would wipe her eyes, and old farmer Simmonds forgot to draw on his pipe until it went out.

And Will listened, and the vast audience listened, spellbound, to the sweet, pathetic voice, round and full, as clear as a silver bell. Then followed uporous encore; then other recitations and other applause, and then—it was over, and Will saw her retire off the stage, and it seemed to him that he had suddenly gone into a dark place.

Rachel and Dr. Tremaine went with him to his gloomy cell, and there the three were left alone together.

"I wish I could remain with you, Dick," sobbed Rachel, very white now, and trembling violently. "I wish I need not leave you alone in this dreadful place!"

"Poor Rachel!" said Dick.

She flung her arms about his neck.

"I won't leave you!" she cried. "They will not be so cruel as to tear me away! I will not leave you!"

Dr. Tremaine had been standing slightly apart from them. But he now came forward with a strange expression upon his pallid face.

"Do you wish to remain so very much?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, yes."

He hesitated, gasped once or twice, and then said:

"There is one way in which your wish can be gratified."

"Yes. You know it would not be right or proper for you to remain as you are."

"And the way of which you speak?"

Forcing the words from his white, quivering lips, he made answer:

"You must marry him!"

Rachel stared wildly at these words, and from Dick's lips fell a low, faint laugh.

"I see I have startled you both," Dr. Tremaine went on. "Remember, I do not advise any such step. Indeed I should greatly regret it. But it is the only way in which you two can be together."

Dick held out his hand, now choking back something that sounded like a sob.

"You're a noble fellow, Dr. Tremaine," he said. "I can guess what such words must have cost you. But you can spare yourself further pain. I have no wish to marry Rachel, and could not, if I would, for the simple reason that she is my own sister!"

Dr. Tremaine started as if he had been struck. He could only stare wonderingly at the speaker.

"Your sister?" he gasped.

"Yes, my twin sister."

He staggered, and sat down on one of the rude stools with which the place was provided. Great drops came out upon his forehead. He was shaking all over. He could scarcely believe the strange news he had heard.

But gradually his face changed. An expression of wild joy broke all over it. A dozen little circumstances seemed to convince him, all at once, that Dick had spoken the truth.

"Oh, I am glad, so glad!" he cried.

He looked up. His eye caught Rachel's for a moment. He saw her start, and a sudden flood of crimson rush over her face.

"My darling!" he whispered, holding out his arms, all unmindful of Dick's presence. "My precious one! I believe you do love me, after all."

Rachel tottered forward, and fell upon his breast, sobbing wildly. And yet a strange peace and happiness had dawned suddenly upon her heart.

For a little while not another word was spoken.

The lovers seemed to understand so well all that the other would have said, there was little need of speech.

The van had been rent away from their lives, as if by a miracle, and at last they stood face to face and soul to soul, all things open as the day.

Then she turned to Will again.

"So you have been jealous of Mr. Hamilton, Will? Wait a moment, for I want to tell you something. Mr. Hamilton is one of the dearest friends I ever had. He has been good to me, Will—oh, so good! Always he will come first on the list of my friends; always—"

She was interrupted by some one rapping on the door, then entering unsummoned. A little flash of mischievous excitement, accompanied by that same look of reproof, was in her eyes as a little old gentleman, with a pleasant, playful face came in—with goggles on his eyes, and a head bald and shiny, a little old gentleman, as ugly as well could be imagined, but such a courteous, high-bred gentleman for all that it was manifest at a glance.

"I sent to have you meet Mr. Dayton, Mr. Hamilton. Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you—Mr. Hamilton, my dear adviser and business agent, and kindest of friends; Mr. Dayton, my lover—is it, Will?"

And Will was so chagrined, and so perfectly happy, and when he and Louie ran down to the farm for a brief visit, there occurred a hasty, happy wedding-time, and Mr. Dayton constituted himself adviser and agent of his long, talented, popular wife.

"Because there's no telling how the Claud Hamilton jealousy might have ended, if he had happened to be young and handsome and fascinating and unmarried."

Louie laughingly took up her cudgels in answer.

"But so long as he was none of the four, why think about it? Had he been any one of the four, he never would have traveled with me, and I am sure his grown-up daughter Jessie was quite like a mother. Will, give in! You are the most jealous man in existence."

She lifted her sweet face to her husband's. And as he kissed her she said:

"Because I am the most loving. There can be no love without jealousy—but I'll never doubt you again, now, dearest."

A Girl's Heart;

OR,

DR. TREMAINE'S WOOING.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE WRONGED HEIRESS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Faithful Love's Reward.

DICK was taken to the county jail in the carriage that had been brought for that purpose. Dr. Tremaine himself brought pillows and blankets, and saw that everything was arranged as comfortably as possible for the wounded man.

Rachel rode in the same conveyance, supporting Dick's head in her lap, and with his dear hand clasped tightly in her own. What cared she for the curious eyes bent upon her as the carriage moved slowly through the streets?

Dr. Tremaine followed on horseback. He reached the jail at the same moment with the others, and was ready to assist in removing Dick to a cell.

Mrs. Heathcliff had returned to Fairlawn, She did not choose to be mixed up in the affair any more than was necessary.

Dick's wound had been healing rapidly during the few days he had remained under Dr. Tremaine's roof. But he was still very weak, and at his earnest request the preliminary examination was to be postponed until the following day.

Rachel and Dr. Tremaine went with him to his gloomy cell, and there the three were left alone together.

"I wish I could remain with you, Dick," sobbed Rachel, very white now, and trembling violently. "I wish I need not leave you alone in this dreadful place!"

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"I won't leave you!" she cried. "They will not be so cruel as to tear me away! I will not leave you!"

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"You must marry him!"

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"You're a noble fellow, Dr. Tremaine," he said. "I can guess what such words must have cost you. But you can spare yourself further pain. I have no wish to marry Rachel, and could not, if I would, for the simple reason that she is my own sister!"

Dr. Tremaine started as if he had been struck. He could only stare wonderingly at the speaker.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE next morning Dr. Tremaine began the search for Jane Bell.

It was poor Dick's only chance for life and liberty—the finding of this wretched, forlorn creature. It seemed very hard, but then the innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

It was a wild, wet morning, the rain beating against the casements, the wind howling fearfully among the great trees surrounding the house.

Dr. Tremaine cared little for the inclemency of the weather. With a great cloak buttoned securely about him, he sallied forth, taking a short cut to the glade where the murder had been committed.

He had somewhere read or heard of the singular mania that induces some murderers to haunt the scene of their crime, and had set out with this forlorn hope in his mind.

His brain was busy. He thought over the story Dick had told him the day before, from beginning to end. Strange suspicions came to him as he did so. Was Mrs. Heathcliff mixed up in this affair? If so, to what extent? Was it she who had induced Lasalle to play such a treacherous part to Dick?

He would have given much for the power to solve this mystery. But it was impenetrable. He scarcely knew why he had dreamed of connecting Mrs. Heathcliff with it in any manner, except her eagerness for Dick's arrest, for he could no longer doubt but that she had really been at the window that night when Rachel thought she saw her.

Though his brain was burdened with all this mystery, he walked firmly on, through marsh and mud and mire, the wind wailing in his ears, and the rain splashing all about him on the leaves and grasses.

He reached the glade. A poor, forlorn creature sat crouching underneath the tree in the middle. He caught a glimpse of a dirty, mud-bespattered gown, and straggling gray locks falling over a pair of crooked shoulders, then went softly up and stood beside the pitiful figure.

"My poor woman," he said, gently.

At the sound of his voice she started up wildly, and sought to fly. But her limbs refused to support her. She tottered, and fell back moaning into his outstretched arms.

"I know you," she cried, shrilly. "Blood, blood, blood!" it has found voice at last, as I knew it would. It rises up from the ground and screams for vengeance. You have heard it, and are come to take me away with you."

She was drenched to the skin; her face ashy pale; her eyes wild and bloodshot. They turned upon Dr. Tremaine with a truly malignant glare.

"Poor creature," he said, "do not look at me like that. I have no wish to harm you."

"What?" she cried. "You didn't come to hang me? I know better. Isn't it written, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'? And doesn't it mean, too, a life for a life?"

She laughed at her own cunning, a low, harsh, terrible laugh.

"Yes," he answered, "But it is also written, 'Love your enemies'."

A sudden change swept over her face. She dropped it into her hands, and began rocking her body violently to and fro, for she had released herself from Dr. Tremaine's arms, and was sitting on the damp ground again.

"I told him I would do it," she murmured, as if talking to herself. "I loved him, but I told him I would do it. I should have died myself if another had taken my place and borne the name that was rightfully mine. And so I killed him. Yes, I killed him!" she cried, in loud, startling tones, lifting her ashy face once more. "He stood yonder, where those daisies are trampled down, and I shot him dead at my feet! I killed him—I killed him! God forgive me—I killed him!"

She flung up her arms wildly, shrieking out the last words in a perfect frenzy.

"Hush," said Dr. Tremaine, soothingly. "You must not excite yourself."

"I killed him," she repeated, over and over again. "It was the only way to make him mine in this world and the next."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

A FEATHER.

Drop me a feather out of the bine,
Bird flying up to the sun?

Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one.

Only a feather I ask of thee,
Fresh from the purer air;

Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there.

Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;

Only a voice could linger long
A lark's in the light.

Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair.

The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air.

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above

Takes over a deeper and dearer tone,
For it trembles with earthly love.

And the feather I asked from the boundless
heaven

Were a gift of little worth;

For, oh! what a boon by the lark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!

Detective Dick;

OR, THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

We have seen the parlor of Mr. Andrews' residence, on the occasion of Mr. Williamson's somewhat curt dismissal. We will now take ourselves to the sitting-room of the same mansion.

It is an elegantly appointed apartment, furnished in the richest taste. Several valuable pictures adorn the walls, and about the room are scattered costly articles of ornament. It has altogether that home-like aspect of a room whose adornment has grown out of the needs and tastes of its inmates.

A deep bay window occupies the lower end of the room. Here, seated in an easy-chair, her feet resting on a tall footstool, reclines a marmoreal lady. She has once been very pretty, and still wears much of her good looks, though age has broadened the lines of her face, and added a decided look of worldly wisdom.

Opposite her sits, in a small chair, her arm resting on the sill of the open window, a young lady, whose beautiful face seems a spiritual copy of that of the matron. They are really mother and daughter—Mrs. Andrews and her daughter Helen.

Mrs. Andrews plays leisurely with her fan, for the day is warm for mid-April, and the sun bathes the face of the window in fervent light.

"Then you did as I wished?" remarked the mother. "You simply dismissed him, without entering into reasons or argument?"

"Yes, mother," with a weary expression; "And I was never so thoroughly disgusted with myself in my life before."

"Why so? The dismissal of a music-teacher is not such a vital matter."

"I don't know," returned Helen, with a quick movement of impatience. "I mismanaged it, I suppose. I know I must have made it look as if I had some personal objection to him. He seemed much hurt."

"Oh, that matters very little," replied Mrs. Andrews. "That will easily mend; he can cure his wounds with a new scholar."

"I am afraid a host of new scholars will not have that effect," and Helen rested her head wearily on the window-sill.

The sunlight struck her soft brown hair, and played about it like an aureole of brightness. The mother dropped her fan to look admiringly at her.

"Do you know, Helen, that you are growing more and more beautiful?" she said, with the air of an artist. "I wish that sunlight effect could only be made perpetual."

Helen drew herself back with a vexed movement. The loosened hair flowed in a wave over her forehead, with a gleam as if it had imprisoned some of the sunlight.

"You cannot help looking beautiful, my dear," added her mother. "But those impudent movements are never very graceful."

"Forgive me," murmured Helen; "I did not mean to annoy you. But I cannot help feeling troubled and out of sorts with myself just now."

"I fear your music-lessons were allowed to go on even too long," averred Mrs. Andrews, using her fan rapidly.

"Why so? No one can object to him as a teacher."

"You have been growing entirely too much interested in him. Such a person should be considered as a teacher only—noting more. I would not have my daughter stoop to waste a second thought on any one so far below her in station."

"Excuse me, mother; I did consult with father. He quite agreed with me. I had no time to see you. And I knew, of course, that you would not agree to what I had determined on doing."

"It was just like your father!" cried Mrs. Andrews, turning her tide of anger from her resolute daughter to the absent husband. "He is full of all sorts of radical and nonsensical ideas, and he has infected you with the same phebean propensities."

Mrs. Andrews hurried from the room, not daring to trust herself further under her angry eye.

"I knew there must be a scene with mother," murmured Helen, sadly. "I am glad the worst of it is over."

CHAPTER XII.

A WATER-RAT.

BUT what of Dick, whom we left clinging to the rudder-posts of the yacht Molly?

The boy was very quick of hearing, and his acute senses were strained to not miss a word of the important conversation which he hoped to overhear. Yet for the first five minutes the voices of the two men in the cabin were pitched in too low a key for him to catch a connected sentence.

Shifting his position so as to get his right foot on one of the rudder-irons, Dick gained a more comfortable location, and one that brought his ear nearer to the open window.

The voices of the two men, though growing unconsciously louder as they proceeded with their conversation, Turner's half-tipsy condition interfering with his natural cautiousness.

"Struck his fancy from the start; I could see that," he said, decidedly. "I don't think it was so much the money—though there's mighty few men to whom a pile ain't an object."

"What was it, then?" spoke the deeper tones of Mr. Williamson.

"The mystery. You see, he's been troubled at heart about who his father and mother were. Had a fear of something disgraceful, too. Why, as soon as I broached the matter, his eyes lit up like two stars on a dark sky."

"We'll dispense with the poetical part of the subject," put in Mr. Williamson, coldly. "Did you let out anything about the location of the property, or the residence or condition of his parents?"

"Certainly; told the city they lived in, and all that."

"I should be very little surprised if you did. Especially if you let anybody pour liquor into you, as to-day."

"Told them they lived in New Orleans, and were French creoles," protested Turner.

"Guess that's far enough off the track. Told him it was out of the question to say a word more till I was sure he was the son."

"And asked him for remembrances of his infancy! And relias, if he had any?" inquired Williamson.

"Now it's comin'," thought Dick. "If I miss a word now, I'd just better let go my hold, and drown myself for an idiot. Never see'd anything so well primed as I've got them."

His face broadened with a silent laughter that was full of intense enjoyment of the situation.

"He let it out freely enough," replied Turner.

"Didn't seem to smell a mouse anywhere. He remembers well a large stone house, with extensive grounds around it. It was neither city nor country, for there were numbers of houses near, with broad pleasure-grounds around each."

"I fear that if people in our set knew all, they would be still less inclined to associate with Mr. Spencer."

As she spoke Helen had risen, and stood, resting one hand on the chair back, her face and the whole pose of her body seeming full of indignant scorn of the verdict of "our set."

Mrs. Andrews lifted her long lashes, indolently, and rested her eyes for a moment in admiration upon the graceful pose of her daughter, full of an unconscious charm that would have stirred the soul of an artist to its depths.

"Knew all?"

"Yes," somewhat curtly.

"There is more, then, to know?"

"Suppose I tell you," and now Helen spoke quickly, and with repressed excitement, "that this young man has sinned beyond redemption—in making an unscrupulous enemy."

"What can you mean?" was the indolent answer.

"I mean that Harry Spencer has been arrested—this very day—in my presence. Arrested for no less a crime than being an accomplice of counterfeiters. The proof was found in his house."

"Why, girl, you take my breath!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews, starting up from her reclining posture.

"It is all true."

"And you still defend him? Did you expect anything better from one of his sort?"

"I still defend him!" answered Helen, seeming to gain the calmness which her mother had lost. "I believe—I know that he is innocent. Therefore I defend him. Justice shall be done. He shall be freed from this false charge. And he loses nothing, in my estimation, because he is accused of a crime which he never committed."

"The proofs found in his own house? What evidence is your girlish belief against that? You are letting a childish imagination run away with you now, Helen."

"I know he is the victim of some base plot; I shall never desert him while I believe him innocent!"

"Do you remember about whom you are talking, Helen, or the character of his relations with you?" asked her mother, with much dignity of manner.

"He is only your music-teacher; not your friend and associate. And he seems to have effectively put a bar to any further lessons—unless, indeed, you should desire to take them in his prison cell." Her voice had grown very sarcastic.

"There will be no need of that," Helen returned, quietly.

"And why not? I think he will hardly get bail on such a charge."

"There are strong circumstances in his favor, mother. I am satisfied that the judge will accept bail for him."

"It must be some heavy amount, then."

"The friend is found. I have directed Mr. Widdin to see that he obtains bail, on the security of my private inheritance."

"Why, child, are you mad?" cried Mrs. Andrews. "He is a gentleman."

"I think my offer, with power of attorney in Mr. Widdin's hands, will be accepted," replied Helen. "I think, indeed, that Mr. Spencer is already free. I have no fears of his avoiding a trial."

"But for you to take such an action! Without consulting me or your father!" exclaimed the excited and agitated woman.

"Excuse me, mother; I did consult with father. He quite agreed with me. I had no time to see you. And I knew, of course, that you would not agree to what I had determined on doing."

"It was just like your father!" cried Mrs. Andrews, turning her tide of anger from her resolute daughter to the absent husband.

"I think my offer will be accepted," replied Helen. "I am glad the worst of it is over."

CHAPTER XIII.

A WATER-RAT.

BOSTING, though. Won't do to forget Bosting."

"And now as to relics of his childhood," suggested Williamson. "These will be most important."

"Sartain sure they will," thought Dick.

"Pile in, redhead; let's have your relics."

"His clothes were probably all sold by the one who stole him," Turner went on. "All he had left belonging to his youth is a bronze medal, and a curiously-knit chain attached to it. This he remembers to have had in his childhood."

"Good! We must have that medal."

"I expect to see him again," declared Turner.

"You know of his being arrested on a charge of counterfeiting, and that the alderman has put him under heavy bail?"

"He should have put him in prison," declared Williamson, harshly.

"He must have been a fool to accept bail on such a charge."

"There must be a package sent to him."

"Then you are a married woman?"

"I was," she answered, with a sigh.

"I presume, then, your husband is dead."

"In one sense of the word he is."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Zane, puzzled by the woman's answer.

"He no longer loves me," she spoke figuratively.

"Where is he now?"

"I know not. He left here a few minutes ago."

"Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Zane.

"Randolph Spencer!" was the startling answer.

A cry of surprise burst from Mrs. Zane's lips.

"Woman! you are uttering a falsehood!" she cried.

"I speak the truth; Randolph Spencer is my lawful husband, and yet he would marry that innocent child," said the squaw, pointing to Ida, while her eyes fairly blazed with the fire of pent-up emotions: "we were concealed under some drooping willows in our canoe when her young lover left her yesterday. We heard Randolph Spencer come to her and abuse her for permitting her gallant boy-lover to kiss her."

"Oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Zane, wringing her hands in grief, "when will my troubles be over?"

"You, too, then, have had a life of trouble?" the Indian woman said, inquiringly.

"Yes, yes, it is woman's lot to suffer."

"It seems so," replied Maneelah; "years ago mine began when I was young and light-hearted as your pretty daughter. I was forced to marry Spencer by a cruel, selfish guardian who thought more of gold than human happiness. I soon hated Spencer with all the intensity of my soul, because I loved another. And Spencer, soon tiring of me, deserted me; and then I was almost alone in the cold, cruel world which held but little sympathy for the discarded wife. But, thank God, I had a kind and loving brother who took me to his off-frontier-home, and there I lived for years in seclusion and quietude. Were his desertion of me the only crime of which he was guilty I could easily forgive him, because I knew I could not be what a wife should be to him, and at the same time love another."

"Then he has other crimes resting upon his soul?" said Mrs. Zane.

"I believe, although I am not certain, that the curse of Cain rests upon his soul. He had a half-brother named Randolph Spencer—his own name being Henry Mount. These brothers favored each other so closely that one was often mistaken for the other. Many times have I heard Henry Mount, my husband, make the remark that if Randolph should suddenly disappear he could pass himself as the missing man, and at the same time declare that it was Henry that was missing. After I had been in my frontier home awhile the news came to my ears that Henry Mount had been found dead in the river, and everything went to show that he had been murdered. I thought at the time of what Henry had often said, and knowing that Randolph was very wealthy I wondered if Henry had dealt foully with him. Time went on and the first thing I knew I heard that one Randolph Spencer and James Trimble had purchased a large tract of timber-land on the South Black river, and with a large force of workmen had commenced chopping and rafting. I wondered if it was the Randolph Spencer whom I had once known, and waited a long while before I got to see him. One day he passed through our settlement on a hunting excursion and I got a glimpse of him; but for my life I couldn't tell whether it was Henry or Randolph. My general impression, however, was that it was Randolph; and, if so, I felt satisfied that Henry had murdered him and then taken his brother's name. The uncertainty of this identity preyed upon my mind day and night; and I finally resolved to end the suspense and doubt I was laboring under by ascertaining the facts in the case. I knew that if it was Henry living he was imitating all the peculiarities of his brother to a wonderful degree of success; and there was but one thing about Henry by which I could identify him beyond doubt. This was a large scar extending across the cheek and throat where he had been wounded in a drunken row the year he and I were married."

"Nearly a year ago, I, in company with a friend, descended the Black river, and one night paddled our canoe over and landed on a large raft upon which Spencer was known to be. Watching my chances, for it was very dark and dangerous footing on the raft, I stole forward, and when the captain sat bolt upright in a half-drunk stupor, I walked into the tent and carefully raising his long beard, saw the telltale scar upon his throat. He was Henry Mount, and not Randolph Spencer; and this very fact convinces me that he murdered his brother for his property, then left that country and came here, hoping to escape identification. This, my friends, is the truth, though it is not all of which Henry Mount is guilty. I tell you this much that you may escape the monster's clutches."

"Ah! I see you are not an Indian," said Mrs. Zane, greatly excited.

"No; I am a white woman, as you can see," she replied, revealing a bosom of snowy whiteness. "My name is Edith Mount."

"Does he know that you are living?" Ida asked, her eyes swimming in tears of both joy and pity.

"He did know it a few evenings ago, though he supposed I was dead—a victim of another foul murder of his; and when he discovered I was living, he attempted to kill me again. I was fired at, inflicting a severe wound in the breast from which I am now suffering. When that same inhuman monster tripped me up a few minutes ago, under the impression that I was an old squaw, the fall hurt me very much."

"Oh, poor, persecuted soul!" cried Mrs. Zane, "you have saved my child from ruin and death, for in two days more she would have been wedded to that villain!"

"I learned some time ago, through a friend, that he was paying respects to a young girl here; and it was to warn her that I came to the Blue Marsh to-day."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the mother, and falling upon her knees she clasped the hands of Edith, while her white lips moved in a prayer of thanks to Him who sees the fall of every sparrow, and holds the destiny of each soul in the hollow of His hand.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LIVELY RACE.

BUT little sleep came to the eyes of Goliah Strong and his friends, after Old Wolverine and one of the bee-hunters left camp for the Five Points. Thoughts of the restoration of his father's fortune kept Nattie Darrall awake, restless and impatient. Goliah was calm, thoughtful and watchful, for he could not dismiss all fears of danger from his mind.

Morning at length dawned, and after breaking fast on wild turkey, Goliah said:

"Boys, it will be noon or after before Wolverine and Ed return; and as we can do nothing here, suppose we make a flying visit over to the Blue Marsh! We have no time to lose."

"I'm in for it!" exclaimed Nattie, eagerly.

"Anything will suit me," said Frank Ballard.

Goliah took a slip of paper from his pocket, and with a pencil wrote their intention upon it and then pinned the same to the tree under which they were encamped, that Wolverine and Ed might know where they were, should the two return from the Points before they came back from the marsh. This done, they took their departure.

About noon Old Wolverine and Ed Mathews returned from the Points with the spade; but were astonished to find their friends had deserted camp, and from all appearances, hours before. Goliah's notice, however, did not escape their eyes, and when Ed had read it, all their subsided.

"They'll not be back after night, Edward," Old Wolverine said; "if Goliah goes up that finds that woman his wife, and that gal, Ida, his daughter, he'll not leave that right away, that's my opinion. I wouldn't, you may bet."

"Well, why can't we begin the search for those Darrall papers?" Ed asked.

"We can, if you remember the instructions."

"I remember every word: 'under an oak in the bend between the mouth of the North and South Black rivers,' is what the paper said."

"Then come along," said Wolverine, and with his rifle upon his shoulder and the spade under his arm, the two set off through the woods.

They penetrated to the river, searching the forest carefully as they advanced. They moved up and down the stream, keeping within speaking distance apart. For an hour they searched the bend over and over, and Ed had begun to despair of finding the tree, when suddenly he was startled by a low whistle from Wolverine.

Peering through the dense woods, he saw the old hunter beckoning him toward him, and crossing over to where he stood under a great tree, he was greeted with the exclamation:

"Eureka! Eureka!"

Ed jerked off his hat and would have uttered a shout of joy, had Wolverine not enjoined silence upon him.

"That may be enemies lurking about," he said; "moreover, the box may not be under this tree, and so a fall'd better not holler till out o' the woods. But from 'pearances, I should think this was the spot. That is a kind of a sink in the ground which looks as though the dirt had settled; and that on the tree you can see the bark has been blazed off some time ago."

These marks were all very plain, and since the tree was the only oak of any size that they had found, there was not much doubt of its being the one alluded to in Thoms' paper. So divesting himself of his rifle and accouterments, Wolverine began digging around the sunken spot previously mentioned. He had not taken out more than half a dozen shovelfuls of dirt when, lo! and behold! he turned up a small box covered with black rust.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed Ed, stooping, and taking up the box in his hands.

Wolverine dropped the spade, and together he and Ed examined the box carefully over. The lid was rusted fast, and in several places the rust had eaten through the tin. They had no difficulty in breaking the box open, and when they did so a package rolled up in a newspaper fell out.

Ed opened the bundle, and found the Darrall papers in a good state of preservation, though quite damp and musty. He glanced over the writing and signatures, and when assured that they were the right papers, he wrapped them in a handkerchief and replaced them in the broken box. At this juncture a voice, stern and deadly, exclaimed:

"Drop that box where you stand, or die!"

Ed started with a cry of horror, and lifting his eyes, he beheld the muzzle of a rifle thrust through a clump of bushes near, and a deadly eye blazing down the barrel. The face and form of the man was concealed; but there was no disguising the voice. It was that of Jim Trimble.

Old Wolverine was already covered from danger by the trunk of the great oak, and, acting upon the spur of the moment, Ed leaped to one side as quick as a flash and placed a tree between himself and the muzzle of the assassin's gun. Trimble fired, but a second too late, whereupon Old Wolverine drew his revolver, and reaching around the tree, began firing rapidly, though at random, upon the enemy.

The latter returned the fire, one or two bullets cutting close to Wolverine's hand.

When the old hunter had emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he turned and whistled for his dogs who were out in the woods near. As old Baltic came lumbering up from the river, where he had been wallowing in the water, the sound of retreating footsteps around the tree, the hunter saw Trimble and the late Sheriff Maclin running off at the top of their speed.

The dogs had again put them to flight.

"Now, Ed," said the old borderman, "is our time, so let's go out for tall timber. That's not denying the fact that Trimble, one of the signers of those notes and the mortgage in that box, knows that they are in our possession. They will move heaven and earth, and ransack hell and fury to find us. Come along, Ed, for they come in force—more than twenty of them! It's no use making a stand; they're too many for the Old Guard. Here we go, like a scotin' brace of mowers."

Wolverine and Ed, the latter with the box under one arm, and his rifle under the other, took to their heels, and with all their speed fled up the river.

Trimble, followed by a score of lumbermen and gamblers of South Haven, pursued them—yelling like demons, and firing their guns and revolvers at random. Bullets whistled and rattled through the shrubbery like hail—many of them passing uncomfortably near to the heads of the fugitives.

The latter soon reached the river, then turned and sped along the shore. Trimble and his men, following close behind, shouted lustily for them to halt, their commands being accompanied by oaths and threats of the most horrible kind.

"Drop that box!" yelled Trimble, "or, by the gods, we will give you no quarter."

"The devil 'll give you quarters in a warm corner," replied Old Wolverine.

"Wolverine," cried Ed, "they're gaining upon rapidly."

"Meby we can dodge them up here and git over onto Castle Island. Keep a stiff upper-lip, Ed, and hoe it down lively. If them critters git a hold on us they'll be apt to snatch us bald."

"Carry my rifle a moment, then," said Ed.

Wolverine dropped back, and taking Mathews' rifle, again dashed on ahead. He had gone but a few paces when he heard somethingplash in the water, a little behind him, and glancing back over his shoulder, he saw, to his surprise and horror, that the young bee-hunter had thrown the box into the river.

"My great Lord, boy!" he exclaimed, turning upon the youth, his eyes flashing with indignation, "what in fury did you throw that away for? Now all is lost—see, the box is floating, and the demons will have it, papers and all!"

Ed glanced back and saw that the box had fallen with the open side up, and was floating slowly away at the will of the current.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

One of the World's Mysteries.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

self-destruction, and taught her that through the expiation of a life devoted to the good of others some peace might come even to her tortured heart.

One of the world's mysteries, which defines public unraveling, and the world wonders what Mrs. Wallace, whose husband has nobly redeemed a wild youth, should not be happy. Her husband in name only, and her punishment is none the less that he so generously shares the burden.

Base-Ball.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

CHAMPIONSHIP contests are now the order of the day from the United States championship down to the championship of a country town, or even a city ward. Below we give a record of the games played for United States championship honors by the nine most prominent professional clubs of the country. The table of figures is as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won...	Star...	St. Louis...	Chicago...	Brooklyn...	Boston...	Allegany...
Allegheny	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Boston	3	2	4	4	2	2	2
Brooklyn	2	3	3	2	2	2	2
Chicago	0	1	1	1	1	1	1
Cincinnati	0	1	0	1	1	1	1
Indianapolis	0	0	4	3	0	0	1
Louisville	0	0	3	3	3	2	1
St. Louis	0	3	3	3	3	2	1
Star	3	1	1	2	1	2	1

Games lost..... 8 10 11 15 20 20 11 16 11 121

It will be seen that the Bostons have a decided lead, and that Cincinnati is last on the list, it being a close fight between the other nine. The games recorded are played up to July 8th.

In the League pennant arena up to July 8th the record stood as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won...	Star...	St. Louis...	Chicago...	Baltimore...	Boston...	Allegany...
Boston	4	1	2	4	4	15	1
Louisville	0	2	3	3	3	14	1
St. Louis	3	2	2	3	3	12	1
Hartford	3	1	1	1	1	11	1
Chicago	0	1	1	1	1	10	1
Cincinnati	1	1	1	1	1	11	1
Baltimore	0	2	1	1	1	1	4
Boston	0	1	1	1	1	1	4

Games lost..... 7 11 11 10 14 17 70

